

Kidnapped

By: Yaneth D.

It wasn't my idea to break into headquarters. It was Chris's idea. We were just trying to save a company. Chris and I were currently underneath the Coca-Cola headquarters.

"If we get arrested, it's your fault," I hissed.

"Trust me Gabriel, this part is *easy*," Chris assured me, "It's time to knock some guards unconscious."

There was a reason that we were equipped with tasers, a tranquilizer, and a chloroform-soaked handkerchief. We were trying to free 2 brothers (each knew half of the Coca-Cola recipe) that had been kidnapped by an evil businessman, Rondo Boulstri and his thugs. Over the past few months, we had figured out that the brothers disappeared and had found where the brothers were being held captive. We tried to free them but had failed and been threatened to never tell the police about what had happened. This time we had one person who was willing to help us, Ashley Jones, our sister.

"Are y'all going up?" She asked.

"Yup!" Chris and I whispered.

We were talking to Ashley through our micro-earpieces, which were small enough that nobody could see them.

"Hey Gabriel, pay attention or you'll fall off the stairs." Chris warned me.

I sighed, "I know I'm coming."

When we got to the top, I knelt to catch my breath.

"Okay, pull out your handkerchief," Chris instructed.

I did as I quietly opened the manhole cover. There were two. They were standing ramrod straight with their rifles propped in military fashion. They had pistols tucked under their belts.

Ashley instructed “When I say go, jump out, tackle them, and put your handkerchief over their noses. Ready, set, go!”

I took out one guard while Gabriel took the other. We grabbed their pistols while they snored and blubbered like babies.

“Come on, let’s go,” Chris urged.

We walked down the steel-plated corridor and were about to round the corner but stopped abruptly when Chris put his arm in front of me.

“Guards,” he whispered.

I groaned, “Aw great, just what we need.”

“What did you expect, ponies?” Chris sarcastically whispered back.

I looked around the corner to see ten guards on the floor, sleeping, tranquilizer darts embedded in their thighs.

I looked toward Chris incredulously, “Did you...?!”

“No.” Chris whispered nervously.

We slowly started to back out of the hall. The guards were nearly out of sight when we bumped into *him*. We knew it was a person because a hand went around each of our necks.

“I have come to kill you,” said a gruff voice.

That’s how we knew it was a bad guy.

Suddenly the grip on our necks was released and the gruff voice turned into laughter. We slowly turned around to see the man, around six feet tall with a tranquilizer strapped around his chest.

“You knew that was a joke, right?” was all the man could get out between his laughing-his-tears out business.

“No, sir,” I glumly replied as I managed to get my heart rate back to normal.

“Sorry,” the man apologized, wiping tears of his face with his sleeve.

“My name is Stuart Rhodes, by the way.”

“Did you say Rhodes? Because that’s the name of one of the Coca Cola recipe brothers,” Chris asked suspiciously.

Stuart sighed, “Yeah, that’s me, after I escaped the room with the bomb.”

“Bomb?” Chris interrupted.

“Yup. My brother is still in that room and they’ve added more security since I escaped,” Stuart replied.

“Let’s go get him.” Chris spoke with determination.

We snuck down the halls, trying not to show that we were trying to be like James Bond. We saw a door at the end of the hall and rushed toward it.

Surprisingly, there wasn’t a guard by the. Unfortunately, there were six deadbolts. There were also guards, standing right next to each other, lining the interior walls of the room.

Stuart quickly surveyed the room.

“Okay here’s the plan,” Stuart whispered.

The plan was very simple but required smart people like me to execute certain jobs.

This was the plan:

- 1) Stuart would use a metal-cutting knife to cut through the deadbolts. Then we would break in and knock out the guards.
- 2) My job: call 911 and get the police over to arrest Rondo and thugs. See how hard it is?

The second Stuart’s knife sliced through the deadbolts, we executed our plan. I called the police, and they said they would come as fast as they could. That’s when I remembered something Stuart had said.

“...the room with the bomb.”

“THE BOMB!” I shouted. I sprinted toward the squarish object in the front of the room. I was so focused on the bomb, I didn’t see the door open. BAM!! I slammed into the door so hard I flew backward. The room dissipated around me as everything went black.

I recognized the last person I saw before I went unconscious. Rondo Boulstri.

*****10 minutes later*****

I groggily awoke from my unconsciousness. The first thought that came to my head was, *where are the police?*

My second thought was, *oh no*, which I must have said out loud because it caused Rondo to come over to me.

“Ah, the idiot has awakened,” Rondo snickered, looming over me.

He then turned to the brothers.

“Tell me the recipe or I’ll kill you,” Rondo threatened, gesturing to his gun tucked in his belt.

“No,” The brothers bravely replied in synchronized fashion.

“Fine then,” Rondo sneered. “Do you have any last words?”

“They will not have any last words because they will not die. Rondo, you and your thugs are under arrest for federal crime.”

We spun around to see six police officers and the FBI aiming guns at Rondo. Rondo groaned and put his hands out for the FBI to handcuff him while the police handcuffed the snoring thugs.

Mission Accomplished